Aleppo Temple

ANCIENT ARABIC ORDER

Nobles of the Mystic Shrine

Oasis of Boston ✠ Desert of Massachusetts

Aleppo

Ancient Arabic Order

Temple

Nobles of the Mystic Shrine

ANNUAL SUMMER OUTING

HELLO! Central! Give me Hampton Beach. Is that Hampton Beach? Yes. Well, please give me the Ocean House. Say, Lovell, the Shriners will blow into your Tavern on Saturday, August 31, and will tarry with you Sept. 1st and 2d. Great Guns! All right!! Come! We will give them an Arabic welcome and the hottest time they ever had. WE WILL WAKE THE OLD BEACH UP.

To All the Nobility of Aleppo: *"Es Selamu Aleikum"*

SATURDAY **SUNDAY** **MONDAY**

AUGUST 31 **SEPTEMBER 1** **SEPTEMBER 2**

IT has been decreed that the Outing this year shall be at

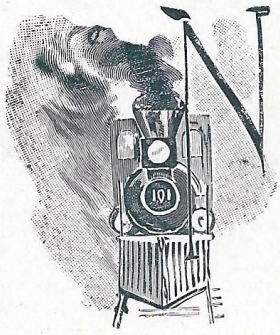
Hampton Beach, N. H.

Headquarters at the Ocean House.

The caravan will start from

NORTH UNION STATION
BOSTON, MASS. on Saturday, August 31,

At ONE O'CLOCK in the Afternoon, arriving at the Beach at 3.30 o'clock.



At 7.30 a Session of Aleppo Temple will be opened for

Work and Ceremony!

Dinner at 6.00 o'clock

NOTICE TO ALL THOSE WHO HAVE CANDIDATES AND TO ALL APPLICANTS FOR THE ORDER

If your petitions are filed with the Recorder, accompanied by the fee, $25.00, and you are elected, the Order will be

Conferred by Communication

At this session.

To the Last Initiates

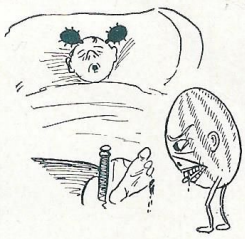
To make this pilgrimage a success and furnish a big chunk of amusement to the Nobles it behooves each of you to gather in a candidate. You know what fun we had with you. Square yourself on your friends in the same manner.

Signify Your Intention AT ONCE if You Want to be WITH THE PUSH!

PLENTY OF ROOM FOR ALL AND

No More Than Two in Any Room

A new hotel has been built since last year, and we shall own them both while we stay.



The Director, Noble Porter will put up a **GRAND EXHIBITION OF CHOICE WORKS OF ART** in the New Opera House immediately on the close of the business session

WAS LAST YEAR'S EXHIBITION GOOD?
WELL, THIS YEAR IT WILL BE OUT OF SIGHT

and you'll get your money's worth, good **AND** plenty.

Other Attractions

BOWLING, Bathing, Base Ball, Billiards, Etc
ALL FREE TO THE MEMBERS

To Appreciate This, Read it the Next Morning.

That Dark Brown Taste.

BY ONE WHO HAS HAD IT.

When you wake at seven-thirty in the morning with a head,
And your throat is like a furnace, shooting blazes fiery red;
How you call for icy water, like a demon long disgraced,
To remove the awful presence of that
dark
brown
taste.

When the ceiling swims above you and you see the shaking walls,
How you pine for creeks and rivers, ponds and lakes and waterfalls;
With a mad precipitation, to the hydrant then you haste,
To remove the clinging terrors of that
dark
brown
taste.

If you keep the ten commandments, it may be you'll never know
How it is to wake in anguish, with your system all aglow;
But the ordinary sinner, while his being goes to waste,
Learns in sadness all the sorrows of that
dark
brown
taste.

51 Slaves must appear, and the indications are that they will. They are commanded to be in the Reception Room at 7.30 o'clock sharp, when the caravan will start for Mecca. In forming the lines bow-legged novices will take the centre of the line, bald-heads on the left, heavy-weights on the right. It is essential that the Ancient Arabic formation be observed on this occasion.

Camels with pink-eye must be kept in the rear of the commissary vans, and must not be allowed to slobber in the drinking water.

Our slaves must be taught to lift their feet while traveling and not kick up too much sand.

Hot Ones. This does not refer to the novices — they'll be hot enough in due season — but to several new features which will be encountered on the pilgrimage. They are guaranteed to keep applicants from eating in other than a standing position for a few days at least. Get an innocent and stack him up against 'em. You'll enjoy it; so will he.

Show Your Card. Follow the law! Show your card for 1901 to the Outer Guard or you don't enter. No use kicking, it's the law and we won't break it. If you have not this Passport see the Recorder before the session opens and get one. He will be too busy on this busy occasion to take dues the night of the session.

The Schedule. Observe this, as it will be strictly adhered to: Business session, 7.00; Ceremonial, 7.30; Officers and Arab Patrol will note particularly.

Arabian Proverbs

Novices will be required to memorize the following proverbs to enable them to distinguish clearly the right path.

"He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool Avoid him."
"He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is simple. Teach him."
"He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep. Wake him."
"He who knows, and knows that he knows, is a wise man. Follow him."

Points for Novices

If you hear something drop, don't laugh too soon, it might be yourself. Hold on! When everybody else is saying "Let her go!" you hold on! You will be branded, but not where the public can see it. You will know more than you did last winter. Cash down is required; we take no chances. It costs money to run this show, and we don't propose to feed our camels on ice-cakes and snowballs this winter. You must have a clear conscience, an unspotted soul, a good appetite, and an absorbing thirst.

I Wonder.

Ten little lodge men went out to dine,
A cock-tail fixed a Maccabee, then there were nine.
Nine little lodge men, each daring fate,
Down went an Odd Fellow, then there were eight.
Eight little lodge men thought they were in Heaven,
A high-ball struck a Elk out then there were seven.
Seven little lodge men playing funny tricks,
Another cork, a Heptasoph, then there were six.
Six little lodge men, one but just alive,
A weak punch felled a Woodman, then there were five.
Five little lodge men, the others on the floor,
A Columbus Knight threw up the sponge then there were four.
Four little lodge men on a lovely tea,
A Pythian got his skates on, then there were three.
Three little lodge men sitting around the brew,
Away rolled a Forester, then there were two.
Two little lodge men pretty nearly done,
A Red Man couldn't stand the pace, then there was one.
One little lodge man drinking Creme-de-Menthe alone.
He was a Shriner, and took the whole bunch home.

"Clipped."

I wants ter jine de Shriner ban',
Dey's de onliest people in de lan'.
Dey gives yo' money when yo's po'
Never tu'ns a brudder from de do'.
Goodness lan', it must be fun,
Fer to know that you's de *onliest one.*

Dah aint but one t'ing makes me 'feered;
Dat 'nisheashun makes me mos' skeered,
Clim'in' dem poles, ridin' de gote;
Ef yo' don't look sharp you'll lose yo' coat.
Some do say, in de trouble and strife,
Dah has been some one dat has lost his life.
But, den, dey's de *onliest one.*

Certainly mus' look lonesum crossin' de san',
When dah's nobody holdin' yo' han',
Wid all dem camels wid der backs up high,
And de sun comin' hot jes' outen de sky.
But I doesn't keer 'bout de san' an' de sun.
When I knows in mah heart I's de *onliest one.*

Dah's Hannah — she jes' says
Yo' sho' look gran' wid dat nice red Fez,
Wid de tassels tangin' on
Lak de silk dat sticks outen a yer o' corn.
Did yo' call me, Mistah Good Man?
I's a comin' jes' as fast as I can.
Put me frew, and have yo' fun,
'Cause I wants to be de *onliest one.*

Mistah Good Man, yo' sho' is ruff,
But jes' pile it on, 'cause I is tuff.
De fun of it all in dis yer plan
Is 'nisheashun to de odder man.
Is yo' frew wid yo' cantation;
Yo' mos' as ruff as Missus Nation,
Now gib me mah razah and great big gun,
Den sho' I'll be de *onliest one.*

The Shriner from Louisville.

There are times in one's life which one cannot forget.
The time I remember is the evening I met
A haughty young Shriner of bluegrass renown,
Who made my acquaintance while painting the town.
A handshake, a cocktail, a smoker, and then
That Shriner from Louisville touched me for ten.

There flowed in his veins the blue blood of the south:
A cynical smile graced his sensuous mouth.
He quoted from Lanier and Poe by the yard,
But his purse had been hit, and I tell you, hit hard.
I thought that he honored and flattered me when
That Shriner from Louisville touched me for ten.

Oft have I wondered that ne'er since that night
A glimpse of that Shriner has hallowed my sight.
I have pined for the sound of his voice and the thrill
That comes with the touch of a ten-dollar bill—
I have wondered and pined—for I say it again—
That Shriner from Louisville touched me for ten.

I have heard what old Whittier sung of Miss Maud:
But all such philosophy is nothing but fraud
To a man who's a bear in the market today,
With wheat going up and the devil to pay—
These words are the saddest of tongue or of pen:
That Shriner from Louisville touched me for ten.

Hustle for Petitions.

The coming outing will be a red-letter date in the annals of Aleppo Temple; it will be one long remembered. The novice who enters our portals with this class will feel highly honored. Let every Noble, therefore, acquaint his unregenerate friends with this fact that they may not remain ignorant of the opportunity offered them. A handsome badge and fez will be presented to the Noble bringing in the largest number of petitions during the year. Blank petitions may be readily obtained on applying to the Recorder.

Special and Important!

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE TO REGISTER YOUR NAMES, GET TICKETS AND HAVE ROOMS ASSIGNED.

Call on the Recorder any time before August 23, 1901, at his office in Masonic Temple, Boston, Mass., pay the price,

TEN DOLLARS,

and he will fix you up for rooms and tickets. If you can't come in person, send a letter, money enclosed, and by return mail you will receive ticket and No. of room. After that time call on any of the committee as follows:—

A. FRANK WELCH, Danvers, Mass.
JAMES S. BLAKE, 376 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
CHARLES C. HENRY, Wellesley, Mass.
CHARLES H. PORTER, 151 Summer St., Boston, Mass.
EDWARD H. WISE, 403 Washington St, Boston, Mass.

REMEMBER

Only two in a room, so please say who you want for roommate.

There's an absent minded Shriner,
Who has not paid his dues
For 1901, although he's an old-timer.
Scratch your head and ponder
Is that slob yourself?
If you find it is, Why, say!
PAY! PAY! PAY!

WAIT AND SEE

The surprises we have in store for you! You simply furnish the fifty-one slaves and all the fun will be yours, save that reserved for these poor slaves.

Perspiringly yours, in the faith,

Albion F. Welch
Potentate.

This ain't no lie!

W. M. Powell
Recorder.